OUR WORK IN LIFE.

We seek for one of courage tried and true,
Who knows the right, and knowing, dares pursue.
We call for wisdom, for an earnest man,
With faith in all his acts, to lead the van.
Too long have vice and ignorance held sway—
We call for virtue now to lead the way;
For honesty sincere, whate'er befall—
Our leader shall respect the rights of all.
The truth unfettered he shall aye maintain—
God's chariot onward rolls, resistance vain.

When shall the brave, the wise, the true and just
March ever on to conquer pelf and lust?
To conquer selfish aims and vict'ry win
O'er all the hosts of wrong, the woes of sin?
The foe is here, and there, is everywhere;
O for the man of might to do and dare!

Thus cried a soul amid the sin and strife
Of this great world; he, but a type of life.
He thought some other might the battle win,
Some other overthrow the hosts of sin.
But hark! comes through the clouds a stern reply:
"O timid one, wouldst thou the conflict fly?
The truth shall triumph, go thou, join the van,
Engage the foe till death—thou art the man!"

—Oscar B. Smith, in N. Y. Observer.

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

I read the hesitation of the gang in their faces; and when one asked roughly who we were, I replied with greater boldness: "I am Anne de Caylus, nephew of the Vicomte de Caylus, governor, under the king, of Bayonne and the Landes!" This I said with what majesty I could. "And these"—I continued—"are my brothers. You will harm us at your peril, gentlemen. The vicomte, believe me, will avenge every hair of our heads."

I can shut my eyes now and see the stupid wonder, the balked ferocity of those gaping faces. Dull and savage as the men were they were impressed; they saw reason indeed; and all seemed going well for us when some one in the rear shouted: "Cursed whelps! Throw them over!"

I looked swiftly in the direction whence the voice came—the darkest corner of the room—the corner by the shattered window. I thought I made out a slender figure, cloaked and masked—a woman's it might be, but I could not be certain—and beside it a couple of sturdy fellows, who kept apart from the herd and well behind their fuglemen.

The speaker's courage rose no doubt from his position at the back of the room, for the foremost of the assailants seemed less determined. We were only three and we must have gone down, barricade and all, before a rush. But three are three. And an arquebuse—Croisette's match burned splendidly—well loaded with slugs is an ugly weapon at five paces, and makes nasty wounds, besides scattering its charge famously. This, a good many of them, and the leaders in particular, seemed to recognize. We might certainly take two or three lives; and life is valuable to its owner when plunder is afoot. Besides most of them had common sense enough to remember that there were scores of Huguenots — genuine heretics—to be robbed for the killing, so why go out of the way, they reasoned, to cut a Catholic throat, and perhaps get into trouble! Why risk Montfaucon for a whim? and offend a man of influence like the Vicomte de Caylus, for nothing!

Unfortunately at this crisis their original design was recalled to their minds by the same voice behind crying out: "Pavannes! Where is Pavannes?"

"Ay!" shouted the butcher, grasping the idea, and at the same time spitting on his hands and taking a fresh grip of the ax. "Show us the heretic dog, and go! Let us at him."

"M. de Pavannes," I said coolly—but I could not take my eyes off the shining blade of that man's ax, it was so very broad and sharp—"is not here!"

"That is a lie! He is in that room behind you!" the prudent gentleman in the background called out. "Give him up!"

"Ay, give him up!" echoed the man of the pole-ax almost good-humoredly, "or it will be the worst for you. Let us have at him and get you gone!"

This with an air of much reason, while a growl as of a chained beast ran through the crowd, mingled with cries of "A mort les Huguenots! Vive Lorraine!"—cries which seemed to show that all did not approve of the indulgence offered us.

"Beware, gentlemen, beware," I urged, "I swear he is not here! I swear it, do you hear?"

A howl of impatience and then a sudden movement of the crowd as though the rush were coming warned me to temporize no longer. "Stay! Stay!" I added hastily. "One minute! Hear me! You are too many for us. Will you swear to let us go safe and untouched, if we give you passage?"

A dozen voices shrieked assent. But I looked at the butcher only. He seemed to be an honest man, out of his profession.

"Ay, I swear it!" he cried with a nod.

"By the Mass?"

"By the Mass."

I twitched Croisette's sleeve, and he tore the fuse from his weapon, and flung the gun—too heavy to be of use to us longer—to the ground. It was done in a moment. While the mob swept over the barricade, and smashed the rich furniture of it in wanton malice, we filed aside, and nimbly slipped under it one by one. Then we hurried in single file to the end of the room, no one taking much notice of us. All were pressing on, intent on their prey. We gained the door as the butcher struck his first blow on that which we had guarded—on that which we had given up. We sprang down the stairs with bounding hearts, heard as we reached the outer door the roar of many voices, but stayed not to look behind—paused indeed for nothing. Fear, to speak candidly, lent us wings. In three seconds we had leapt the prostrate gates, and were in the street. A cripple, with two or three dogs, a knot of women looking timidly yet curiously, in a horse tethered to the strap—we saw nothing else. No one stayed us. No one raised a hand, and in another minute we had turned a corner, and were out of sight of the house.

"They will take a gentleman's word another time," I said with a quiet smile as I put up my sword.

"I would like to see her face at this moment," Croisette replied. "You saw Mme. d'O?"

I shook my head, not answering. I was not sure, and I had a queer, sickening dread of the subject. If I had seen her, I had seen—oh! it was too horrible, too unnatural! Her own sister! Her own brother-in-law!

I hastened to change the subject. "The Pavannes," I made shift to say, "must have had five minutes' start."

"More," Croisette answered, "if madame and he got away at once, if all has gone well with them, and they have not been stopped in the streets, they should be at Mirepoix's by now. They seemed to be pretty sure that he would take them in."

"Ah!" I sighed. "What fools we were to bring madame from that place! If we had not meddled with her affairs we might have reached Louis long ago—our Louis, I mean."

"True," Croisette answered, softly; "but remember that then we should not have saved the other Louis—as I trust we have. He would still be in Pallavicini's hands. Come, Anne, let us think it is all for the best," he added, his face shining with a steady courage that shamed me. "To the rescue! Heaven will help us to be in time yet!"

"Ay, to the rescue!" I replied, catching his spirit. "First to the right, I think, second to the left, first on the right again. That was the direction given us, was it not? The house opposite a book shop with the sign of the Head of Erasmus. Forward, boys! We may do it yet."

But before I pursue our fortunes farther let me explain. The room we had guarded so jealously was empty! The plan had been mine and I was proud of it. For once Croisette had fallen into his rightful place. My flight from the gate, the vain attempt to close the house—these were all designed to draw the assailants to one spot. Pavannes and his wife—the latter hastily disguised as a boy—had hidden behind the door of the hutch by the gates—the porter's hutch, and had slipped out and fled in the first confusion of the attack.

For the servants, as we learned afterwards, who had hidden themselves in the lower part of the house, got away in the same manner, though some of them—they were but few in all—were stopped as Huguenots and killed before the day ended. I had the more reason to hope that Pavannes and his wife would get clear off, inasmuch as I had given the duke's ring to him, thinking it might serve him in a strait, and believing that we would have little to fear ourselves, once clear of his house; unless we should meet the vidame indeed.

We did not meet him, as it turned out; but before we had traversed a quarter of the distance we had to go we found that fears based on reason were not the only terrors we had to resist. Pavannes' house, where we had hitherto been, stood at some distance from the center of the blood storm which had enwrapped unhappy Paris that morning. It was several hundred paces from the Rue de Bethisy where the admiral lived, and what with his comparative remoteness and the excitement of our little drama, we had not attended much to the fury of the bells, the shots and cries and uproar which proclaimed the state of the city. We had not pictured the scenes which were happening so near. Now in the streets the truth broke upon us, and drove the blood from our cheeks. A hundred yards, the turning of a corner, sufficed. We who but yesterday left the country, who only a week before were boys, careless as other boys, not recking for death at all, were plunging now into the midst of horrors I cannot describe. And the awful contrast between the sky above and the things above us! Even now the lark was singing not far from us; the sunshine was striking the topmost stories of the houses; the fleecy clouds were passing overhead, the freshness of a summer morning was—

Ah! where was it! Not here in the narrow lanes, surely, that echoed and reechoed with shrieks and curses and frantic prayers; in which bands of furious men rushed up and down, and where archers on the guard and the more cruel rabble were breaking in doors and windows, and hurrying with bloody weapons from house to house, seeking, pursuing, and at last killing in some horrid corner, some place of darkness—killing with blow on blow dealt on writhing bodies! Not here, surely, where each minute a child, a woman died silently, a man snarling like a wolf—happy if he had snatched his weapon and got his back to the wall; where foul corpses dammed the very blood that ran down the kennel, and children — little children — played with them!

I was at Cahors in 1580 in the great street fight; and there women were killed. I was with Chatillon nine years later, when he rode through the Faubourgs of Paris, with this very day and his father Coligny in his mind, and gave no quarter. I was at Coutras and Ivry, and more than once have seen prisoners led out to be piked in batches ay, and by hundreds! But war is war, and these were its victims, dying for the most part under God's heaven with arms in their hands; not men and women fresh roused from their sleep. I felt on those occasions no such horror. I have never felt such burning pity and indignation as on the morning I am describing, that long-past summer morning when I first saw the sun shining on the streets of Paris. Croisette clung to me, sick and white, shutting his eyes and ears, and letting me guide him as I would. Marie strode along on the other side of him, his lips closed, his eyes sinister. Once a soldier of the guard whose blood-stained hands betrayed the work he had done, came reeling—he was drunk, as were many of the butchers—across our path, and I gave way a little. Marie did not, but walked stolidly on as if he did not see him, as if the way were clear, and there were no ugly thing in God's image blocking it.

Only his hand went as if by accident to the haft of his dagger. The archer—fortunately for himself and for us too—reeled clear of us. We escaped that danger. But to see women killed and pass by—it was horrible! So horrible that if in those moments I had had the wishing-cap, I would have asked but for 5,000 riders, and leave to charge with them through the streets of Paris! I would have had the days of the Jacquerie back again, and my men-at-arms behind me!

For ourselves, though the orgy was at its height when we passed, we were not molested. We were stopped indeed three times—once in each of the streets we traversed—by different bands of murderers. But as we wore the same badges as themselves, and cried "Vive la Messe!" and gave our names, we were allowed to proceed. I can give no idea of the confusion and uproar, and I scarcely believe myself now that we saw some of the things we witnessed. Once a man gayly dressed, and splendidly mounted, dashed past us, waving his naked sword and crying in a frenzied way: "Bleed them! Bleed them! Bleed in May, as good to-day!" and never ceased crying out the same words until he passed beyond our hearing. Once we came upon the bodies of a father and two sons, which lay piled together in the kennel; partly stripped already. The youngest boy could not have been more than 13. I mention this group, not as surpassing others in pathos, but because it is well known now that this boy, Jacques Nompar de Caumont, was not dead, but lives today, my friend, the Marshal de la Force.

This reminds me too of the single act of kindness we were able to perform. We found ourselves suddenly, on turning a corner, amid a gang of seven or eight soldiers, who had stopped and surrounded a handsome boy, apparently about 14. He wore a scholar's gown, and had some books under his arm, to which he clung firmly—though only perhaps by instinct—notwithstanding the furious air of the men who were threatening him with death. They were loudly demanding his name, as we paused opposite them. He either could not or would not give it, but said several times in his fright that he was going to the College of Burgundy. Was he a Catholic? they cried. He was silent. With an oath the man who had hold of his collar lifted up his pike, and naturally the lad raised the books to guard his face. A cry broke from Croisette. He rushed forward to stay the blow.

"See! see!" he exclaimed loudly, his voice arresting the man's arm in the very act of falling. "He has a mass book! He has a mass book! He is not a heretic! He is a Catholic!"

The fellow lowered his weapon, and sullenly snatched the books. He looked

Fear, to speak candidly, lent us wings.

at them stupidly with bloodshot wandering eyes, the red cross on the vellum bindings the only thing he understood. But it was enough for him; he bid the boy begone, and released him with a cuff and an oath.

Croisette was not satisfied with this, though I did not understand his reason: only I saw him exchange a glance with the lad. "Come, come!" he said lightly. "Give him his books! You do not want them!"

But on that the men turned savagely upon us. They did not thank us for the part we had already taken; and this they thought was going too far. They were half drunk and quarrelsome, and being two to one, and two over, began to flourish their weapons in our faces. Mischief would certainly have been done, and very quickly, had not an unexpected ally appeared on our side.

"Put up! put up!" this gentleman cried in a boisterous voice—he was already in our midst. "What is all this about? What is the use of fighting amongst ourselves, when there is many a bonny throat to cut, and heaven to be gained by it! put up, I say!"

"Who are you?" they roared, in chorus.

"The duke of Guise!" he answered, coolly. "Let the gentlemen go, and be hanged to you, you rascals!"

The man's bearing was a stronger argument than his words, for I am sure that a stouter or more reckless blade never swaggered in church or street. I knew him instantly, and even the crew of the butchers seemed to see in him their master. They flung back a few curses at him, but having nothing to gain they yielded. They threw down the book with contempt — showing thereby their sense of true religion; and trooped off roaring, "Tuez! Tuez! Aux Huguenots!" at the top of their voices.

The newcomer thus left with us was Bure—Blaise Bure, the same who only yesterday, though it seemed months and months back, and lured us into Bezers' power. Since that moment we had not seen him. Now he had wiped off part of the debt we looked at him uncertain whether to reproach him or no. He, however, was not one whit abashed, but returned our regards with a not unkindly leer.

"I bear no malice, young gentlemen," he said, impudently.

"No, I should think not," I answered.

"And besides, we are quits now," the knave continued.

"You are very kind," I said.

"To be sure. You did me a good turn once," he answered, much to my surprise. He seemed to be in earnest now. "You do not remember it, young gentleman, but it was you and your brother here"—he pointed to Croisette—"did it! And by the pope and the king of Spain I have not forgotten it!"

"I have," I said.

"What! Have you forgotten spitting that fellow at Caylus ten days ago? Ca! sa! You remember. And very cleanly done, too! A pretty stroke! Well M. Anne, that was a clever fellow, a very clever fellow. He thought so, and I thought so, and what was more to the purpose the most noble Raoul de Bezers thought so too. You understand?"

He leered at me, and I did understand. I understood that unwittingly I had rid Blaise Bure of a rival. This accounted for the respectful, almost kindly way in which he had—well, deceived us.

"That is all," he said. "If you want us much done for you let me know. For the present, gentlemen, farewell!"

He cocked his hat fiercely, and went off at speed the way we had ourselves been going, humming as he went:

"Ce petit homme tant joli,
Qui toujours cause et toujours rit,
Qui toujours baise sa mignonne
Dieu gard' de mal ce petit homme!"

His reckless song came back to us on the summer breeze. We watched him make a playful pass at a corpse which some one had propped in ghastly fashion against a door—and miss it—and go on whistling the same air—and then a corner hid him from view.

We lingered only a moment ourselves; merely to speak to the boy we had befriended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEEDLESS TASK.

A Parishioner's Criticism of His Parson's New Book.

Authors have to submit to criticism of all sorts, humorous and otherwise. An amusing story is told in connection with Dr. Macknight, a Scotch clergyman who was the author of several books upon religious subjects which displayed his knowledge and studious research.

Among his parishioners was a blacksmith who had a certain dry humor, of which he was by no means chary. This man, while he admired and loved "his pa'son," thought the doctor's writing learned books was a great mistake and a sad waste of time.

One day this blacksmith was asked by a stranger if Dr. Macknight was then at the manse. "Na, na," replied the blacksmith with a shake of his shaggy head, "the mon's gone to Edinbro on a vera useless job."

The doctor had gone off to the printers with his learned and valuable work called "The Harmony of the Four Gospels."

The stranger inquired curiously what the "useless job" was which had taken the doctor to Edinburgh at that time.

"Aweel," said the blacksmith, looking at his questioner sharply to see if his answer met with the appreciation it merited, "he's gone to mak' four men agree wha ne'er cast out!"—Youth's Companion.

A Senator's Call for Water.

When a senator wants a drink of water he wants it badly. Mr. George was talking the other day and stopped in his speech long enough to hurl a command at one of the pages:

"Bring me some water here!"

He was talking about grass seeds, and the subject must have been a dry one, for before a page could reach him the senator shouted at another:

"Give me a little water here!"

By this time the galleries, as well as the pages, learned that the senator from Mississippi was athirst. Still the page did not appear. Then, in desperation, the senator threw out his arms in a most pleading manner, and exclaimed:

"Is there any water about here anywhere?"

This outburst called forth a burst of laughter from the senate and galleries. The senator joined in the laugh himself in a few minutes. This seemed to quench his thirst, for he didn't touch his glass of water for five minutes after it reached him.—Washington Times.

All Luck.

"Ef I had your luck and you had mine," said Dismal Dawson to one of his prosperous clients, "I s'pose it would be me helpin' you."

"Luck?" answered the prosperous one. "I made all my money by hard work."

"That's where the luck figgers. You was born with a likin' for work. I wasn't."—Indianapolis Journal.

Ratiocination.

Small Gertrude (five years old)—Mamma, I quite agree with you.

Mamma—Why, my child, what does agree mean?

S. G.—When two persons think alike.

Mamma—What does disagree mean?

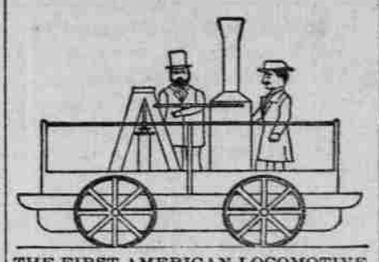
S. G.—When one person thinks alike.—Bay City Chat.

ABOUT LOCOMOTIVES.

The Evolution of the American Steam Engine.

Peter Cooper's Crude Affair—Various Other Types in Early Use and Their Peculiarities—The Modern Flyer.

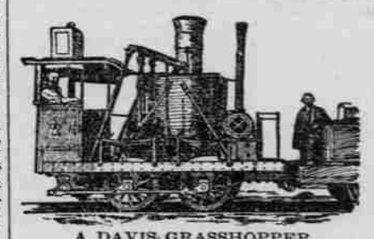
Although Peter Cooper never built a successful full-sized locomotive, he is none the less entitled to the renown of being the father of the American locomotive. He began building his model on the site of the present Mount Clare workshops in Baltimore, in 1829, and made several trial trips with it before the close of that year. It was a very crude machine, judged by the present stand-



THE FIRST AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE.

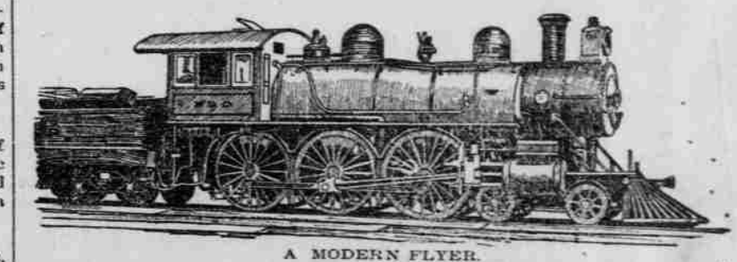
ard, having an upright boiler with a single cylinder of 3¼ inches diameter and a stroke of 14½ inches. Instead of using the exhaust steam from the cylinder to produce a draught for the fire, as in all modern locomotives, Mr. Cooper placed a fan, revolved by a belt from one of the axles, in the funnel of his engine. The power was applied to the other axle by means of a toothed wheel. The strength of the engine was one horse-power, and attained the then extraordinary rate of 18 miles an hour.

On the following January 4, 1831, the directors of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company issued their famous offer of $4,000 for the best locomotive which should be delivered at their line before



A DAVIS GRASSHOPPER.

the following June 1. The winner of this contest was Phineas Davis, who called his engine the "York," from York, Pa., where it was built. It was the first of the class known as "grasshoppers," and had a vertical boiler and cylinder. The exhaust steam revolved a fan which in turn revolved a second fan close to the ash pan by which air was forced up through the fire. Under favorable circumstances the "York" ran at as high a rate of speed as 30 miles an hour with three or four cars, and



A MODERN FLYER.

throughout the year 1832 had an average run of 80 miles a day. It was a little later than this that the horizontal boiler was substituted for the vertical one, and the name of the engines using the horizontal boilers were "crabs" to distinguish them from those of the "grasshopper" class.

Ross Winans invented the projecting journals on the axles of car wheels, thus producing at a stroke the friction of hauling them from twelve pounds to a ton to three pounds.

Mr. Winans' first two engines, manufactured in the fall of 1836, though

WINANS' MUD DIGGER.

eight tons each in weight, had a greater drawbar pull than any of the 12-ton engines made by Stephenson in England. In the following years the first of the famous "mud-diggers" was turned out at the Mount Clare works. This type of engine had driving wheels three feet in diameter, and cylinders 17 inches in diameter, with a 24-inch stroke. Assuming that the steam pressure in the boiler was 100 pounds to the square inch, such an engine must have had a draw-bar pull of 19,266 pounds, or enough power for even a good-sized engine of to-day, but if the bad balancing of all early locomotives be added to the friction of the toothed wheels, and the lateral and longitudinal play of the connecting rods, it may be safely inferred that the "mud digger" class

HAYES' DUTCH WAGON.

was never able to apply more than half its nominal draw-bar pull.

The variety of locomotive still known as the "camel back" was first built by Ross Winans between 1850 and 1853. These were the first 30-ton engines ever used in any part of the world. Next to one modern class of engines, which shall here be nameless, they were perhaps the ugliest locomotives which have ever been built. Yet the "camel backs" could pull trains no other engine built up to this time could, and kept their scheduled time, summer and winter, over the mountain grades of the Alleghanies, and so well built were they that some of them put into service 30 years ago are still pegging away, much too good to be relegated to the scrap heap.

The "Dutch wagons" were introduced by Samuel J. Hayes in 1857. They were wood-burning engines with inside cylinders. As inside cylinders demand forged cranks on the driving axles, and as these crank axles are liable to fracture with excessive strain or after long use, American builders have wisely avoided them.

Between the era of the "Dutch wagens" and the mammoth locomotives of to-day lie the classes of engines familiar to every one, because examples of them are still to be found working on every branch road. But the latest example of engine building, as illustrated by the ten-wheeled consolidated passenger engines at present in use on the B. & O. road, brings up such magnificent concentration of speed, strength and endurance as were never before seen in the history of the world. These engines have six coupled wheels, six feet six inches in diameter, cylinders 21x26 inches, and a steam pressure of 170 pounds to the square inch. They haul the Royal Blue line trains, and on many occasions have gone a mile in 50 seconds, while one of them has been timed covering a mile in 32 seconds. When it is borne in mind that a "horse-power" really means what a very strong horse can lift in a minute, the force of one of these engines will be realized by conceiving 1,100 horses all able to make one mighty pull at the same moment. As to speed, one of these engines will advance at the almost inconceivably rapid rate of 100 feet in a second. There may be inventions which may be considered more marvelous than the modern high-power locomotive, but surely none displays in concrete result the power of man to imprison so mighty a force in so small a compass.

E. H. MULLIN.

COST SEVEN MILLIONS.

Baltimore & Ohio Receivers Issue a Statement.

Messrs. John K. Cowen and Oscar G. Murray were appointed receivers for the B. & O. railroad on February 27, 1896, and since they have had charge very large sums of money have been expended in placing the road in first-class condition. The following is a statement prepared by them of expenditures from March 1, 1896, to February 1, 1897:

Within the past few days the receivers have prepared a statement of expenditures from March 1, 1896, to February 1, 1897, for additions to the plant, equipment of the road and betterments made thereon. From this statement it is learned that a total of almost $7,000,000 have been spent for locomotives, passenger and freight equipment, extraordinary repairs to equipment and expenditures made by the engineering department in the way of improvements to the maintenance of way, structures, terminals, and the construction of new alignments and miscellaneous improvements. It is shown that the betterments to locomotives amount to $95,000; the new freight equipment, which includes new dining cars and other passenger cars and betterments, amounts to $86,000; the new freight cars built by the road, and the repairs to those already in service, amounted to $147,000, the total being something over $250,000. The 5,000 new freight cars and the 75 locomotives which were added to the equipment last summer cost about $3,300,000 in round numbers. The extraordinary repairs to locomotives, passenger equipment and freight equipment aggregate $1,348,600; the total expenditures in the motive department being within a few thousand of five millions. The engineering department has also spent a great deal of money.